ÆSOP's

Laſt Will and Teſtament.

POOR *Æſop* lately being taken ill,
But yet of perfect mind, thus makes his Will:
First, I bequeath my Soul, when I forſake it,
To him that has the chiefeſt Right to take it:
My Body next, let me conſider well,
To him, that will convey it out of ſmell;
My Worldly Goods, although they are but few,
My ſcribling Friends, thoſe I bequeath to you.
And were I ſure that he'd accept of it,
My Friend of Quality ſhould have my Wit:
Next to the Squire, that with his Horſe and Hounds
Leap't o're his Tenants Hedge and broke his Mounds.
To him and to his Heirs, my whip and clogs,
I give to diſcipline his Headſtrong Dogs;
And to the Farmer, who was in ſuch care
To call this Squire, to kill the fooliſh Hare,
Among my lumber he a Rope will find,
E'en let him take 't, and uſe it as deſign'd:
And next, I give, but let me recollect,
I would do ſomething fain for every Sect.

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First to our Grave Divines, well let me ſee!
I'll give them what they want, my Charity;
Let the *Non-Jurants* take my head and eyes,
And learn Poor modeſt *Fools* to be more wiſe,
Then ſtill to be deceiv'd with Idle tales and lyes.
And ſure the *Papiſt* cannot take it ill,
If dying *Æſop* puts them in his Will;
To them I leave my truth and moderation,
The'yll do them good againſt the next Invaſion.
The *Presbyterians* I ſhould ſomething leave,
But they are ſo Rich I know not what to give:
The Quakers too expect their Legacy,
We'll ſet them down in haſte, my modeſty.
Let all the other Sects, for I wont wrong 'em,
Take my Religion and divide among 'em.
And now at laſt, it is my will and mind,
Some honeſt wealthy Cit, would be ſo kind
To ſee all this perform'd, and for his pains,
To take for him, and for his Heirs my Brains.

Sign'd and Seal'd in the preſence of,

T. B. T. D. *and* E. S.

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